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Eerie 011 (Avon - April 1953) (36p c2c)

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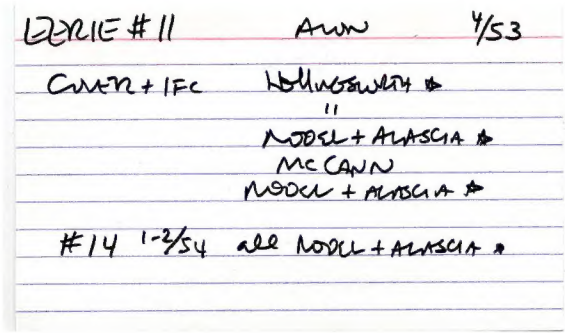

EERIE #11 AVON 4/53

COVER + IFC HOLLINGSWORTH *

"

NODELL + ALASCIA *

MC CANN

NODELL + ALASCIA *

#14 1-2/54 all NODELL + ALASCIA *

AVON
TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION!
10c
No. 11
A-2,27
EERIE
ANATOMICAL MONSTER!
CRIMSON DEATH!
HAUNTED MURDERER!

EERIE!

HALF OF THIS THING OF HORROR WAS MAN-- BUT THE OTHER HALF WAS GHASTLY DEATH! IT STRUCK AT NIGHT, WHEN THE DARKNESS COULD HIDE THE EVIL SHAPE OF... "THE ANATOMICAL MONSTER!"
HE THOUGHT THAT NO ONE HAD SEEN HIM KILL HIS VICTIM-- BUT A LITTLE MAN FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD HAD WITNESSED HIS BLOODY CRIME! THE POLTERGEIST TORTURED JOHN DUNN UNTIL HE MADE A MADMAN OF... "THE HAUNTED MURDERER!"
THEY STOLE THE SACRED CEREMONIAL DANCE OF THE VOODOO SECT OF THE DEAD --AND TURNED IT INTO A VAUDEVILLE ACT! THEY LAUGHED AT SUPERSTITION, UNTIL BLACK MAGIC LED JACK AND DAISY BLAKE TO... "THEIR CRIMSON DOOM!"

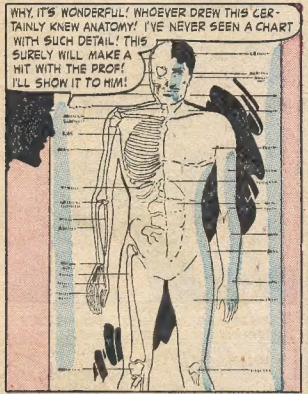
EERIE, April, 1953—Vol. 1, Number 11. Published quarterly by AVON PERIODICALS, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Sol Cohen, Editor and General Manager. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 40c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 55c, elsewhere $1.00. Copyright 1953 by Avon Periodicals, Inc. All names in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in U. S. A.

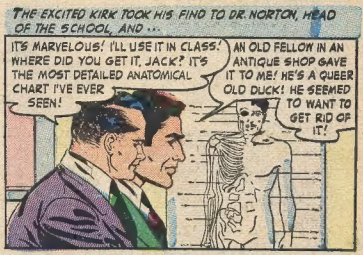
ANATOMICAL MONSTER
IT'S JUST A PIECE OF PAPER! HA-HA! WE'LL BURN IT! SEND IT UP IN SMOKE! IT CAN'T HURT US THEN! WHA--?!
TOO LATE! LOOK! HERE IT COMES! IT'S GOT US! AAAIIIEEEE!
JOE KIRK WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT! HE THOUGHT THE CHART WOULD HELP HIM IN HIS STUDY OF HUMAN ANATOMY! HE LAUGHED AT THE OLD MAN'S WARNING! TOO LATE KIRK REALIZED THAT, HERE, IMPRISONED ON THIS PIECE OF PAPER, WAS A THING GHASTLY BEYOND ALL IMAGINING -- THE ANATOMICAL MONSTER!

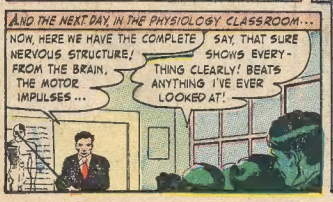
ON AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP...
I JUST THOUGHT I'D LOOK AROUND! MIGHT PICK OUT A LITTLE PRESENT FOR MY GIRL! SHE LIKES ANTIQUES!
CAN'T SPEND VERY MUCH! YOU SEE, I'M JUST A MEDICAL STUDENT! I DON'T HAVE VERY MUCH MONEY! I'D LIKE THIS LOCKET, IF IT'S NOT TOO EXPENSIVE...
MEDICAL STUDENT? JUST A MOMENT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING ESPECIALLY SUITED FOR YOU!
JACK KIRK WAS PUZZLED! THE OLD MAN WAS ACTING VERY QUEERLY! HIS HANDS WERE SHAKING AS HE UNLOCKED HIS SAFE, AND....
HERE IT IS! S-SOMETHING I TREASURE VERY HIGHLY! I--I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT! YOU'RE A MEDICAL STUDENT - JUST THE PERSON FOR IT!
WHAT IS IT?
NO! DON'T LOOK AT IT! JUST TAKE IT WITH YOU!
YOU WANT ME TO BUY SOMETHING WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT? DON'T BE SILLY!
I-I WON'T CHARGE YOU ANYTHING! I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT! IT'S--IT'S A MEDICAL CHART OF THE HUMAN BODY! IT SHOWS THE MUSCLES! -- THE NERVE STRUCTURE! IT'S AUTHENTIC -- WONDERFULLY ACCURATELY DRAWN! BUT DON'T OPEN IT! NOT HERE!
KIRK TOOK THE CHART, AND, AS HE LEFT THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP - - -
HE'S A LITTLE OFF HIS ROCKER - MIGHT AS WELL HUMOR HIM!
THERE'S NO NEED TO THANK ME! I NO LONGER WANT IT!
WELL, THANKS A LOT! I'M GLAD TO HAVE IT!

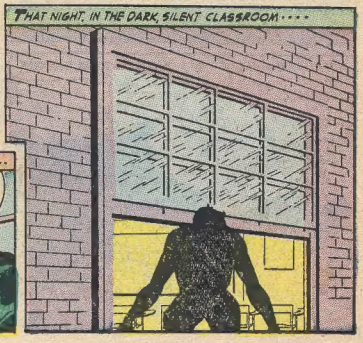
AT ONE TIME I, TOO, WAS A SCIENTIST! I DREW THE CHART! YOU'LL FIND IT CORRECT TO THE LAST VEIN!

KIRK WAS AMUSED, AND, NATURALLY, INTENSELY CURIOUS! AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, IN HIS DORMITORY . . .
HE SURE MADE A BIG FUSS OVER THE THING! I WONDER WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!


WHY, IT'S WONDERFUL! WHOEVER DREW THIS CERTAINLY KNEW ANATOMY! I'VE NEVER SEEN A CHART WITH SUCH DETAIL! THIS SURELY WILL MAKE A HIT WITH THE PROF! I'LL SHOW IT TO HIM!

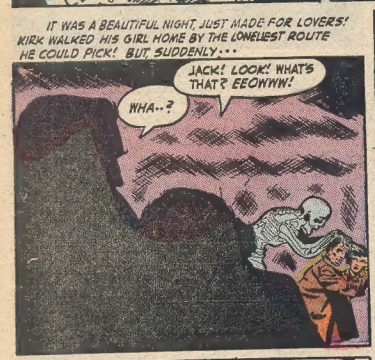

THE EXCITED KIRK TOOK HIS FIND TO DR. NORTON, HEAD OF THE SCHOOL, AND . . .
IT'S MARVELOUS! I'LL USE IT IN CLASS! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, JACK? IT'S THE MOST DETAILED ANATOMICAL CHART I'VE EVER SEEN!
AN OLD FELLOW IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP GAVE IT TO ME! HE'S A QUEER OLD DUCK! HE SEEMED TO WANT TO GET RID OF IT!


AND THE NEXT DAY, IN THE PHYSIOLOGY CLASSROOM . . .
NOW, HERE WE HAVE THE COMPLETE NERVOUS STRUCTURE, FROM THE BRAIN, THE MOTOR IMPULSES . . .
SAY, THAT SURE SHOWS EVERYTHING CLEARLY! BEATS ANYTHING I'VE EVER LOOKED AT!


THAT NIGHT, IN THE DARK, SILENT CLASSROOM . . . .

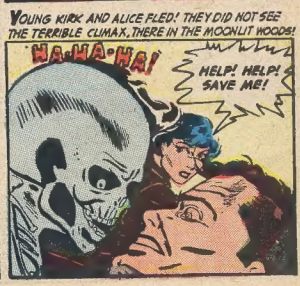
AND NEXT MORNING, WHEN KIRK LOOKED AT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER····
COUPLE OF HYSTERICAL GIRLS THOUGHT THEY SAW A MONSTER! YOUNG GIRLS CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING! PROBABLY NOTHING BUT A SHADOW THAT FRIGHTENED THEM!
DAILY ARGUS
HUGE MONSTER LOOSE IN CITY
GIRLS SEE MONSTER

JACK KIRK NEVER THOUGHT OF HIS CHART! HE SAW NO CONNECTION! WHY SHOULD HE? BUT THAT NEXT EVENING·····
BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, WASN'T IT, JACK? I LOVED IT!
SURE WAS, ALICE!
CANDY SHOP
FLAMING LOVE
EXO

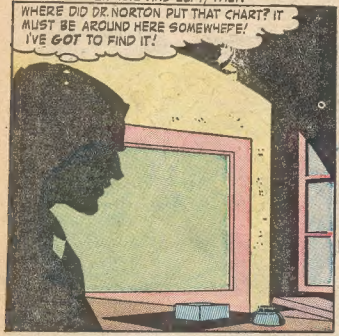

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, JUST MADE FOR LOVERS! KIRK WALKED HIS GIRL HOME BY THE LONELIEST ROUTE HE COULD PICK! BUT, SUDDENLY···
JACK! LOOK! WHAT'S THAT? EEOWWW!
WHA··?

ANOTHER YOUNG COUPLE CHANCED TO BE THERE ON THE SHADY LANE, AND IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT···
HELP!
HELP!
ALICE!

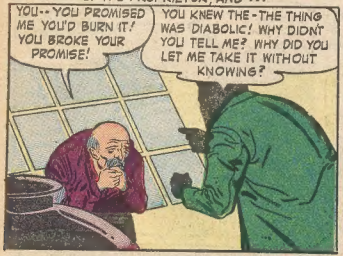
HELP! SAVE ME! AAIIIEEE! GET AWAY, YOU MONSTER!
JACK! JACK!
THAT'S · THAT'S THE THING THAT WAS SEEN LAST NIGHT!
MY CHART! IT LOOKS LIKE MY CHART!


YOUNG KIRK AND ALICE FLED! THEY DID NOT SEE THE TERRIBLE CLIMAX, THERE IN THE MOONLIT WOODS!
HA·HA·HA!
HELP! HELP! SAVE ME!

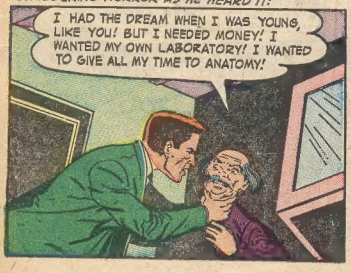
AT ALICE'S HOME THEY REPORTED WHAT THEY HAD SEEN! AS SOON AS HE COULD, JACK KIRK ESCAPED FROM THE TURMOIL AND LEFT, THEN ...

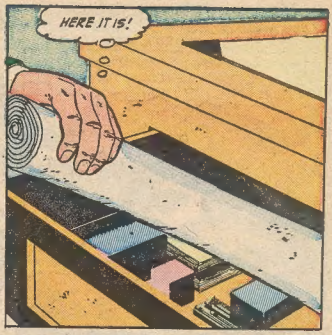


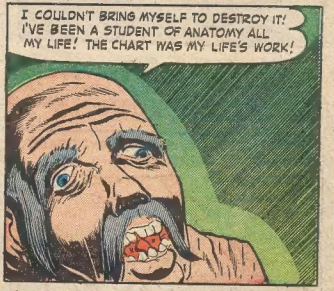
IT WAS MIDNIGHT NOW! CARRYING THE ROLLED CHART, KIRK RUSHED TO THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP, ROUTED OUT THE PROPRIETOR, AND ...

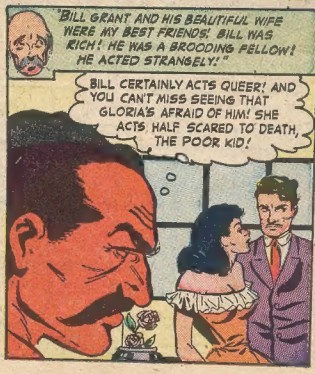

YOU-- YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D BURN IT! YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE!
YOU KNEW THE-THE THING WAS DIABOLIC! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WHY DID YOU LET ME TAKE IT WITHOUT KNOWING?

HYSTERICALLY THE OLD MAN CONFESSED A GRIM AND TERRIBLE STORY! KIRK TURNED COLD WITH SHUDDERING HORROR AS HE HEARD IT!


I HAD THE DREAM WHEN I WAS YOUNG, LIKE YOU! BUT I NEEDED MONEY! I WANTED MY OWN LABORATORY! I WANTED TO GIVE ALL MY TIME TO ANATOMY!






"BILL GRANT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE WERE MY BEST FRIENDS! BILL WAS RICH! HE WAS A BROODING FELLOW! HE ACTED STRANGELY!"
BILL CERTAINLY ACTS QUEER! AND YOU CAN'T MISS SEEING THAT GLORIA'S AFRAID OF HIM! SHE ACTS HALF SCARED TO DEATH, THE POOR KID!

"I PLANNED IT THEN! I WOULD KILL BILL GRANT! GLORIA WOULD BE RICH, AND I WOULD MARRY HER! I TOLD MYSELF I HAD A GOOD EXCUSE!"
"I PLANNED IT CAREFULLY! I GOT MY CHANCE ONE NIGHT WHEN WE WERE ALONE, AND ..."
BILL'S INSANE! THERE'S NO QUESTION OF THAT IN MY MIND! HE MIGHT KILL GLORIA! I'LL SAVE HER FROM HIM!
CRASH!
ULP!
"I HADN'T REALIZED! I GUESS, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, THE MEMORY OF HIS FACE HAD ALWAYS BEEN WITH ME! AND NOW, SUDDENLY..."
"NO ONE EVER SUSPECTED ME! POOR GLORIA DIED SOON AFTER I MARRIED HER! I WENT ON WITH MY MEDICAL STUDIES! THEN--ONLY LAST YEAR--I WAS READY TO DRAW MY MASTER CHART, AND WHEN I HAD FINISHED IT, I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT--
SO YOU'VE BROUGHT ME BACK! HA-HA-HA! THANK YOU, MY OLD FRIEND!
WHA--?!
WHY--WHY I'VE DRAWN BILL GRANT'S FACE! I THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN HIM YEARS AGO!
"EVER SINCE THEN, THE TERRIBLE THING HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME, THREATENING ME..."
LET ME ALONE!
HA-HA!
HE-HE'S ALWAYS AROUND! AND HE'S A MANIAC! I-I LOCKED THE CHART IN MY SAFE, BUT IT-IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! I WANTED TO BURN IT! BUT I COULDN'T BEAR TO! I WAS AFRAID THAT IF I KEPT IT, HE WOULD KILL ME! SO I GAVE IT TO YOU!

YOU FOOL! I'LL BURN IT--NOW!
YES! YES! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO! WE'LL BURN IT!
ROLL IT OPEN! HOLD IT UP, IT'LL BURN BETTER! HURRY! HURRY, I SAY!
YES! ALL RIGHT! I'LL-- I'LL HOLD IT!
EMPTY! LOOK--IT'S EMPTY! HE-- HE'S GONE!
WHAT--?
THEN SUDDENLY, TO THEIR HORROR, AS THEY TURNED TOWARD THE DOORWAY...
HA-HA-HA!
HELP! HELP!
HA-HA!
AAIIEE!

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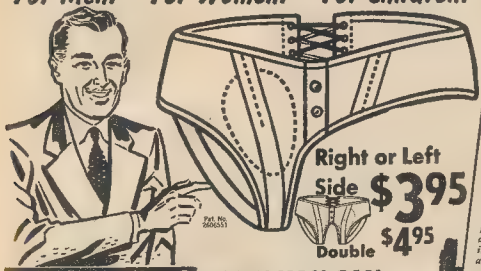

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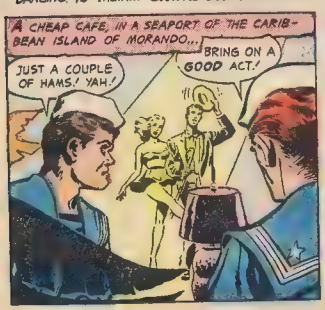
City and State_____

I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO KILL BOTH OF YOU!
SOME NIGHT I'LL BE THE ONE TO STAB YOU!
POISON! HA-HA! I'LL KILL YOU BOTH WITH POISON!
I'LL STRANGLE YOU BOTH, SOME NIGHT! MAYBE TONIGHT!
YOUR BLOOD WILL FLOW!
CRIMSON DEATH
WILL BE YOURS!
JACK AND DAISY BLAKE WERE A DANCE TEAM! THEIR ACT WAS A FLOP--UNTIL JACK READ ABOUT THE VOODOO DANCES OF THE SECT OF THE DEAD! THE VOODOO DANCE MADE A GOOD STAGE ACT, AND JACK AND DAISY WERE A HIT! BUT YOU CANNOT MAKE A JOKE OF THE UNKNOWN! THE VENGEANCE OF THE LIVING DEAD CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING, AND JACK AND DAISY BLAKE WERE DANCING TO THEIR... CRIMSON DEATH!
NODEL and ALASCIA


A CHEAP CAFE, IN A SEAPORT OF THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF MORANDO...
JUST A COUPLE OF HAMS! YAH!
BRING ON A GOOD ACT!

AND, LATER THAT EVENING...
YOUR ACT'S NO GOOD, BLAKE! YOU'RE THROUGH!
WELL! OF ALL THE NERVE!

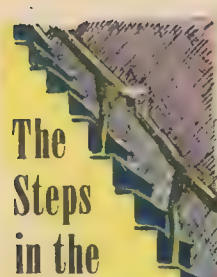
THAT NIGHT, IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM...
WE'VE GOT TO CHANGE THE ACT, OR WE'RE SUNK! EVEN IN A DUMP LIKE THIS WE DON'T GET BY! GOT TO GET SOMETHING NOVEL!
YEAH? LIKE WHAT?
THEN JACK HAD A BRIGHT IDEA!
THESE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT VOODOOISM! MUST BE SOME WEIRD VOODOO DANCES, HUH?
SEARCH ME!
NEXT DAY...
WHAT'S THIS VOODOO CULT, DU MORT, I HEAR TALK ABOUT?
THE DEAD ONES! DO NOT PRY INTO IT, M'SIEU! SUCH THINGS ARE NOT FOR THE LIVING!
THE NATIVES WERE AFRAID TO TALK OF IT! BUT IN THE LIBRARY...
HERE IT IS! CULT OF THE RESTLESS DEAD! HAH! DEAD PEOPLE WHO CAN'T STAY IN THEIR GRAVES! SOUNDS SWELL!
"AND IT IS SAID THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE DIED BY VIOLENCE OFTEN STALK BY NIGHT IN UNHOLY RITUALS OF THE LIVING DEAD! MANY INSTANCES ARE ON RECORD WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SEEN DANCING!"
HE TOLD DAISY ABOUT IT...
NOVEL, EH? SWELL STUFF FOR US, KID!
UGH! IT SURE SOUNDS WEIRD!

WEIRD? SURE! BUT, LISTEN--HERE'S THE TOPPER! WE'LL BURLESQUE IT! GRUESOME STUFF! IT'LL LAND US ON BROADWAY IN A YEAR!
WELL, IF YOU THINK WE CAN PUT IT OVER, JACK...
THEY WORKED HARD ON IT! THE MANAGER OF THE LITTLE CAFE GAVE THEM ANOTHER TRY, AND..
WOW!
IT'S SURE GRUESOME!
WHAT CREEPY STUFF!
HA-HA! THAT'S FUNNY!
THEY'RE GOOD!
THE NOVEL ACT WAS A BIG HIT! THE FAME OF JACK AND DAISY BLAKE SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE ISLAND! BUT ONE NIGHT..
INFIDELS! PROFANERS OF THE DEAD! YOU SHALL BE PUN-ISHED!
WHA--?
THE FATE THAT WAS OURS SHALL BE YOURS! DEATH BY VIOLENCE! THE TIME WILL COME--YOU CANNOT ESCAPE IT! YOU WILL MAKE MONEY, YES! BUT IT WILL CAUSE YOU BOTH TO BE MURDERED!
OHHHH!
A FRIGHTENING THING! BUT THEY TRIED TO LAUGH IT OFF, AND...
I--I GUESS I'M SCARED DOING THIS!
NONSENSE! HOW CAN THE DEAD HURT US? WE ONLY IMAGINED THAT WE SAW THEM, ANYWAY! WE'RE GONNA GET RICH, KID!

THE MONEY CAME IN! SOON THEY WERE APPEARING IN THE CAPITAL CITY, IN THE BIG MUNICIPAL THEATRE!
BRAVO! WONDERFUL!
REAL ART!
BUT ALWAYS IT SEEMED THAT THE RESTLESS, ENRAGED SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WERE WATCHING THEM...
THERE THEY ARE! WATCHING US! ALWAYS WATCHING US!...
AND SOMETIMES AT NIGHT..
SOON! YOU WILL BOTH BE MURDERED! BEWARE!
GET AWAY FROM US! LEAVE US ALONE!
THEIR TERROR GREW! WOULD SOMEBODY TRY TO KILL THEM? NOW THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE THEY MET!
WELL, HELLO THERE! CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SURE HIT THE BIG TIME!
WHAT A QUEER LOOK HE'S GOT! WOULD HE DARE--
THANKS, TOM! YEAH, WE'RE DOING ALL RIGHT!
THEY LIVED LIVES OF TORTURE! ALL THEIR FOOD AND DRINK TASTED QUEER! SHADOWS ALWAYS SEEM TO BE HOLDING AN ASSASSIN!
JACK, WE'VE GOT TO GET ANOTHER ACT!
GIVE UP BIG MONEY? DON'T BE A FOOL!
YOU'RE THE FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO GET US MURDERED?
HAH! THAT STUFF'S ONLY FOR IGNORANT NATIVES!

THEIR TAUT NERVES WERE FRAYED BY TERROR! THEY OFTEN QUARRELED...
DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO! I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT!
YEAH? WHO PUTS THE ACT OVER? NOT YOU!
THEIR MUTUAL TERROR BROUGHT HATRED!
SHE'LL DOUBLECROSS ME IF SHE GETS A CHANCE!...
HE'LL GET US MURDURED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE, JUST BECAUSE OF HIS GREED!...
AND SOON AFTER THAT...
HELLO, TESSIE!
HI!
SURE WISH I COULD MAKE A HIT LIKE YOU AND DAISY! THERE'S MY CUE! 'BYE, NOW!
...IF DAISY WANTS TO QUIT ME-- OKAY! TESSIE'D BE A BETTER PARTNER, ANYWAY!...
SHE'S ASLEEP! YOU CAN DO IT!
SURE I CAN!...
AND THAT SAME NIGHT...
AW, SHUT UP! GO AHEAD AND QUIT ME! I'D BE GLAD TO GET RID OF YOU!
ALL RIGHT, I WILL, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME MY SHARE OF OUR MONEY!
AND LATER, WHEN DAISY WAS ASLEEP...
WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? YOU CAN DO IT!
WHY NOT? THAT WOULD FIX EVERYTHING!...

WHA--?
ULP!
HA-HA!
HURRY, DAISY! YOU PLANNED IT, DIDN'T YOU? YOU HID THAT KNIFE UNDER YOUR PILLOW! QUICK! STAB HIM! THEN YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE MONEY!
UGH!
THE MURDEROUS JACK BLAKE COULD FEEL HIS SENSES FADING! BUT STILL HE HAD THE STRENGTH TO CLING WITH HIS DEATH GRIP--UNTIL, AT LAST..
HA-HA-HA! BOTH OF THEM--DEAD!
DOOMED TO BE MURDERED--AND SO THEY KILLED EACH OTHER! HA-HA-HA!
THE RESTLESS DEAD! STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON THE LITTLE TROPIC ISLAND OF MORANDO! THEY SAY THAT NOW, OFTEN AT NIGHT...
END



The Steps in the Cellar!

It was an old house. It was dark and gloomy. Pete Welch looked at it with foreboding. It was sort of — well, *eerie* looking, and he felt a vague sense of foreboding chill his spine as he looked into the blank, cheerless windows.

But it was the only house within miles, and probably the only deserted house in the whole countryside, and a storm was blowing up. To an old hobo like Pete Welch the only thing to do in a storm was seek shelter, and that was all there was to it. He turned his coat collar up and went into the weed-grown yard.

The door was open, which saved him the trouble of breaking a window. The hinges were rusty, and they squeaked when he swung the door ajar. There was a musty smell in the air; it struck his nostrils the moment he set foot within the place.

He laughed shortly to himself; he was letting his imagination run away with him. This house was no different than hundreds of other houses he had grabbed a night's sleep in while "on the road."

He was hungry. Not much chance of any food being found in a deserted old shack like this one, though. A bottle, now, there was a different story. Many a time he had found an overlooked bottle of whisky or wine on a dusty shelf. He'd have a look.

It was confoundedly dark in the old house. He tried the lights, but they wouldn't work. So he lighted a match and looked about him. Rats, frightened by the yellow flickering of the match, scuttled dryly across the old floor. The room was bare. Another room showed nothing of promise. And then he entered what must have at one time been the kitchen. It, too, was bare of furnishings, but a stairwell was at one end of the room. Pete looked at the door. There seemed to be an inscription on the door. Pete brought the match closer to the dusty old wooden panel.

If this door you swing ajar
Your ghastly doom will not be far

The match had burned too low, and it seared his fingers. He dropped it with a curse, and with shaking hands hastened to light another and hold it up to the door. But, in the light of the new match, no inscription was to be seen.

My imagination is playing Old Ned with me tonight, he thought.

He tried the door. It swung open almost before his hand touched the knob. The feeble light of the old candle was not powerful enough to pierce the gloom which lay within, but Pete could see that a flight of stone stairs led below.

It leads to the cellar, no doubt, he thought. *That is where I am most likely to find wine.*

He started to descend. Before he had gone three steps the door behind him slammed shut with a bang that rang of finality. He leaped back and pushed against the door, but it held fast. "Probably a spring lock," he muttered, "although I don't remember seeing it on the door. Oh, well..." he shrugged. He'd climbed out of cellar windows before; he could again.

A cold gust of wind arose from the blackness below. It blew out the tiny flame of the match. He felt in his pocket with frantic fingers, but the pack of remaining matches was not to be found. Stumblingly, feeling the wall in front of

him, he crept down the rest of the stairs. Then, at the bottom, he cried out and flung his forearm up to cover his eyes.

For the cellar was lighted with a brightness that blinded him!

A withered old crone stood in the middle of the stone floor. Her hair was as white as wood ashes, her skin as rough and brown as the bark of a tree, and her small, blue eyes glittered like diamonds.

"What do you wish to take with you?" she said. To look at her one would have expected a croaking hoarseness akin to the raven's call, but the sound of her voice was melodious and beautiful. It stilled all the fears evoked in Pete's mind because of her sudden appearance.

"I didn't think anyone lived here," Pete said. "This your house?"

"It is part of me; my children built it. What do you wish to take with you?"

"I want some wine. Do you have any wine?"

"Alas, it is too late for that. There have been those who have said that the waters of my house were like wines. But it is too late for that."

Pete looked at her curiously. "Well, I'll be goin', then. How do you open that door up there?"

"Alas," the old crone said again. "There is no going back. There is never any going back. There is but one way out, and that way is forward." She pointed a bony finger, and for the first time Pete noticed the stairway which led into the depths of the cellar floor.

"What's down there?" he asked. "Is it another cellar? Is there an exit down there?"

But she only answered, "It is the only way out."

The calm, beautiful voice infuriated him. He struck at her roughly and she fell to her knees. Suddenly a clap of thunder shook the foundations of the old house. It was the loudest thunder that Pete had ever heard.

The storm must have started outside, he thought. *Maybe I should stay here with her...*

But the look in the cold blue eyes chilled and repelled him. He hurried to the stairway and started to run down the stone steps. It was an odd flight of stairs, the oddest Pete had ever seen. A weird blue glow seemed to come from the walls on either side of him; and looking up he could have sworn that overhead wheeled all the stars he had ever seen! Cold and blue, they stared down unwinkingly. They reminded him of the eyes of the old woman up above, and he ran faster.

The music started, then. He stopped running when he heard it, but then he could hear nothing. It started again when he resumed his descent, and after several trial starts and stops he determined that he could hear the weird sound only while he continued downward to what lay at the bottom of the stairs.

It was strange, that music! It was wonder and terror rolled into one stream of sound that lashed at him and curled round his throat and seemed to push at his back, hurrying him onward. It told the story of the first man he had blackjacked, the first money he had stolen, the first woman he had beaten. It told of the nights in the hobo jungles, with the fire snapping and the stars wheeling cold and blue overhead. It told of...

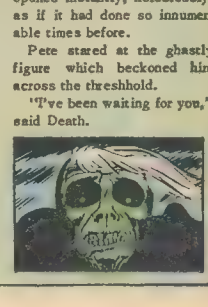
But the music had stopped.

He had come to the bottom of the stairs. A door was there. It was a heavy stone door. It was enscribed with many words, in many tongues, and embossed with pictures that Pete did not want to look at.

Pete touched the door. It opened instantly, noiselessly, as if it had done so innumerable times before.

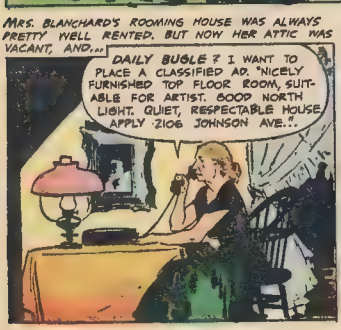
Pete stared at the ghastly figure which beckoned him across the threshhold.

"I've been waiting for you," said Death.

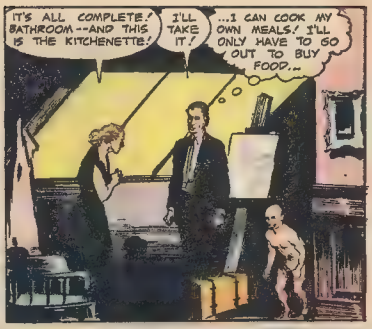


The Haunted Murderer!

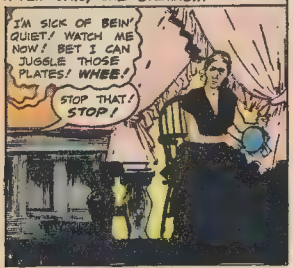
BET I CAN HIT YOU WITH THIS BASEBALL! WATCH OUT, NOW! HERE GOES! HA, HA!
STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!
SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT FELLOW?
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON, HERE?
JOHN DUNN HAD A POLTERGEIST WHICH WOULDN'T LEAVE HIM, AN ELUSIVE VISITANT FROM THE UNKNOWN, A SAY, MISCHIEVOUS PRANKSTER! BUT TO JOHN DUNN --WANTED FOR MURDER--HIS TORMENTOR BROUGHT MORTAL TERROR...BECAUSE HE FEARED IT WOULD EXPOSE HIM TO THE POLICE! YOU ARE NOT WANTED FOR MURDER, SO IF A POLTERGEIST EVER GETS AFTER YOU, JUST LAUGH AT IT!' JOHN DUNN TRIED TO LAUGH, BUT HE COULDN'T! TRAPPED IN HORROR, HE WAS A HELPLESS... PREY OF THE POLTERGEIST!

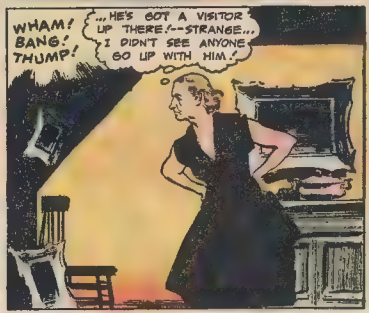

MRS. BLANCHARD'S ROOMING HOUSE WAS ALWAYS PRETTY WELL RENTED, BUT NOW HER ATTIC WAS VACANT, AND...
DAILY BUGLE? I WANT TO PLACE A CLASSIFIED AD. "NICELY FURNISHED TOP FLOOR ROOM, SUITABLE FOR ARTIST. GOOD NORTH LIGHT. QUIET, RESPECTABLE HOUSE, APPLY 2106 JOHNSON AVE.."

LATE THE NEXT DAY...
HERE IT IS...2106...I'LL TELL HER I'M AN ARTIST. I'LL GET IN THERE, AND I'LL STAY! I DON'T DARE GO OUT! NOT NOW--NOT ANYMORE...KEEP QUIET, NOW!
SURE! I'LL BE QUIET! WE'LL GET IN THERE AN' STAY! THAT'LL BE NICE!



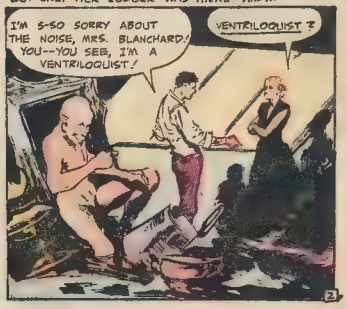
MRS. BLANCHARD'S NEW LODGER SEEMED LIKE A VERY QUIET, NICE MAN--BUT AFTER A FEW DAYS, ONE EVENING...

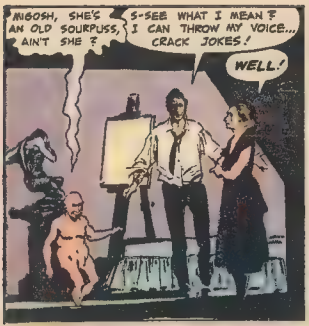


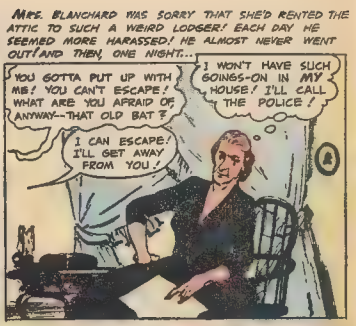


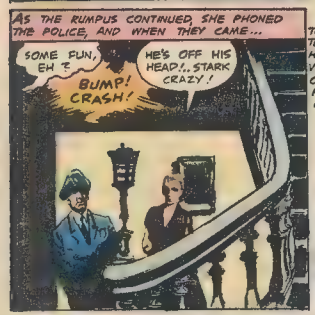
FINALLY THE LANDLADY WENT UPSTAIRS, AND...

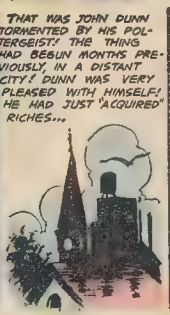
BUT ONLY HER LODGER WAS THERE! AND...




MIGOSH, SHE'S AN OLD SOURPUSS, AIN'T SHE ?
S-SEE WHAT I MEAN ? I CAN THROW MY VOICE... CRACK JOKES !
WELL.!


MRS. BLANCHARD WAS SORRY THAT SHE'D RENTED THE ATTIC TO SUCH A WEIRD LODGER! EACH DAY HE SEEMED MORE HARASSED! HE ALMOST NEVER WENT OUT! AND THEN, ONE NIGHT:...
YOU GOTTA PUT UP WITH ME! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF, ANYWAY--THAT OLD BAT ?
I CAN ESCAPE! I'LL GET AWAY FROM YOU!
I WON'T HAVE SUCH GOINGS-ON IN MY HOUSE! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!


AS THE RUMPUS CONTINUED, SHE PHONED THE POLICE, AND WHEN THEY CAME...
SOME FUN, EH ?
HE'S OFF HIS HEAD!, STARK CRAZY!
BUMP! CRASH!


THAT WAS JOHN DUNN TORMENTED BY HIS POLTERGEIST! THE THING HAD BEGUN MONTHS PREVIOUSLY, IN A DISTANT CITY! DUNN WAS VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF! HE HAD JUST "ACQUIRED" RICHES...

I'VE NO POLICE RECORD! THEY CAN'T IDENTIFY THOSE FINGERPRINTS AS MINE! I'M RICH FOR LIFE!

DUNN WAS SAFE! BUT HE COULDN'T TAKE THE LEAST CHANCE OF ANYTHING HAPPENING WHICH WOULD BRING HIM TO THE NOTICE OF THE POLICE...
IF THE POLICE EVER TOOK MY FINGERPRINTS, A CHECK WOULD REVEAL ME AS SWINBOURNE'S KILLER!

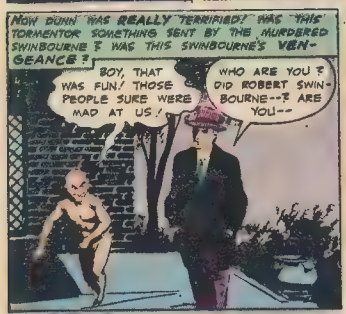
THAT WAS THE NIGHT THAT THE POLTERGEIST CAME TO DUNN! WAS IT FATE ?--OR JUST COINCIDENCE ? NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW! DUNN WAS IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOTEL ROOM, WHEN...
THOSE BOOKS! WHA--?!

BOOKS, POISED IN MID-AIR, HELD BY UNSEEN HANDS! THEN, SUDDENLY...
DUCK, YOU SAP! HA, HA, HA!
WHA--?!
AND THEN, ANOTHER NIGHT...
YEOW!
WAKE UP, PAL! HA, HA!
IT WENT ON LIKE THAT...UNTIL ONE NIGHT...
OKAY, I'LL LET YOU SEE ME! BUT JUST YOU, UNDERSTAND? NOBODY ELSE CAN SEE ME!
OHHH!
GRINNING, IMPISH LITTLE CREATURE OUT OF THE UNKNOWN! NO ONE HAS EVER EXPLAINED HIM! MAYBE NO ONE EVER WILL!
I SEE YOU! WHO--WHAT ARE YOU?
ME? I'M A POLTERGEIST! WE'LL SURE HAVE FUN TOGETHER!
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TORMENTED BY POLTERGEISTS! ONCE THEY GET AFTER YOU, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SHAKE THEM LOOSE! IT BEGAN TO TERRIFY JOHN DUNN, WHEN...
HELLO, CUTIE! WHERE YA GOIN'?
HOW DARE YOU?
AND BEFORE THE TERRIFIED DUNN COULD STOP HER, THE ANGRY GIRL HAD CALLED A POLICEMAN...
I'M SORRY, OFFICER! I THOUGHT SHE WAS A FRIEND! EXCUSE ME!
ALL RIGHT, BEAT IT!

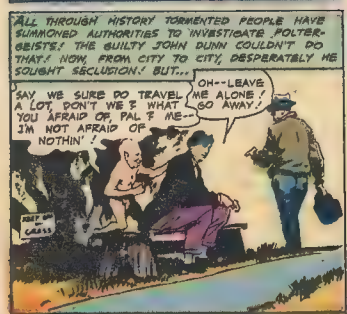
AND IN A RESTAURANT...
WHEEE! HERE IT GOES!
WHA--?

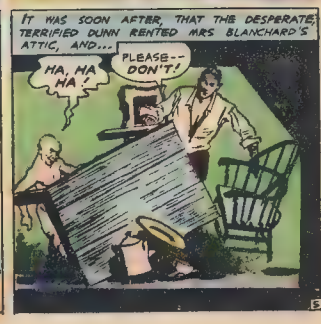
HE DID IT! HE'S CRAZY! GRAB HIM!
I--I DIDN'T! OHHH!

I SHOULD HAVE YOU ARRESTED! GET OUT OF HERE!
HE'S CRAZY..OR DRUNK!


NOW DUNN WAS REALLY TERRIFIED! WAS THIS TORMENTOR SOMETHING SENT BY THE MURDERED SWINBOURNE? WAS THIS SWINBOURNE'S VENGEANCE?
BOY, THAT WAS FUN! THOSE PEOPLE SURE WERE MAD AT US!
WHO ARE YOU? DID ROBERT SWINBOURNE--? ARE YOU--

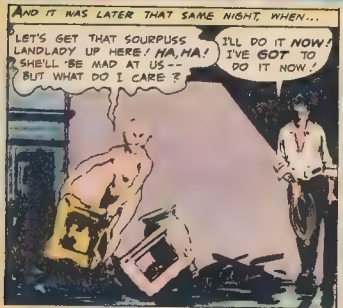
SWINBOURNE? WHO'S HE? ME, I'M A POLTERGEIST!--THE BIGGEST RIDDLE OF THE UNKNOWN! HA, HA! THAT'S ME!


ALL THROUGH HISTORY TORMENTED PEOPLE HAVE SUMMONED AUTHORITIES TO INVESTIGATE POLTERGEISTS! THE GUILTY JOHN DUNN COULDN'T DO THAT! NOW, FROM CITY TO CITY, DESPERATELY HE SOUGHT SECLUSION! BUT...
SAY WE SURE DO TRAVEL A LOT, DON'T WE? WHAT YOU AFRAID OF, PAL? ME--I'M NOT AFRAID OF NOTHIN'!
OH--LEAVE ME ALONE! GO AWAY!
SQUEAK SQUEAK


IT WAS SOON AFTER, THAT THE DESPERATE, TERRIFIED DUNN RENTED MRS. BLANCHARD'S ATTIC, AND...
HA, HA HA!
PLEASE--DON'T!

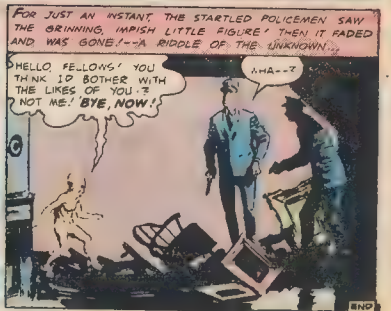
GRADUALLY THE TORTURED DUNN HAD BROKEN! MRS BLANCHARD DIDN'T SEE HIM THAT AFTERNOON WHEN HE WENT OUT AND CAME HOME WITH SOMETHING HE'D BOUGHT...
I'LL DO IT TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE, AN' THIS IS THE ONLY ESCAPE!

WHAT 'YA GOT ? ROPE ? I CAN JUMP ROPE! WATCH!
MY ESCAPE! HA, HA! NOTHING MATTERS, NOW! IT'S BETTER THAN BEING CAUGHT BY THE POLICE!


AND IT WAS LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, WHEN...
LET'S GET THAT SOURPUSS LANDLADY UP HERE! HA, HA! SHE'LL BE MAD AT US-- BUT WHAT DO I CARE ?
I'LL DO IT NOW! I'VE GOT TO DO IT NOW!

THAT WAS WHEN MRS. BLANCHARD PHONED FOR THE POLICE! AND WHEN THEY BROKE DOWN THE ATTIC DOOR...
BREAK IT DOWN!
LOOK!

--HANGED HIMSELF! HE'S DEAD!


FOR JUST AN INSTANT THE STARTLED POLICEMEN SAW THE GRINNING, IMPISH LITTLE FIGURE! THEN IT FADED AND WAS GONE!--A RIDDLE OF THE UNKNOWN...
HELLO FELLOWS! YOU THINK I'D BOTHER WITH THE LIKES OF YOU ? NOT ME! BYE, NOW!
HA--?
END

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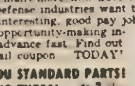

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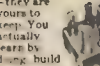

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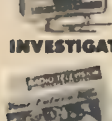

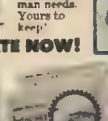

MAIL TODAY YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. HH-2.5 *Mail in envelope or paste on postal card*
4000 S. Figueroa Street
Los Angeles 37, California

I want to get going. Send me Free Book I checked and Free Sample Lesson. I understand no salesman will call.

☐ *My Future in Radio-Television & Electronics*
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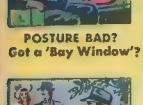
☐ VETS! Check here if released from service less than 4 years ago

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's who want to

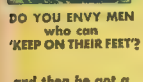
LOOK SLIMMER and FEEL YOUNGER

POSTURE BAD? Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a "CHEVALIER" . . .



YOU NEED A "CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

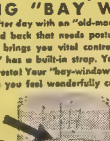
LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen yet it s-t r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and comfort!

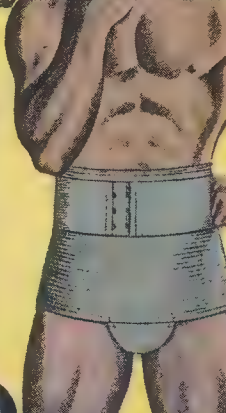


Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The 'Chevalier' is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It is made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful lift you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon *right now!*

Rear View

BITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!



FREE Extra Pouch The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch Limited offer Order yours today

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. *You risk nothing!* Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the 'Chevalier'. Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!

3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 4214-E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY: *JUST* MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 4214-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman $3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch in 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

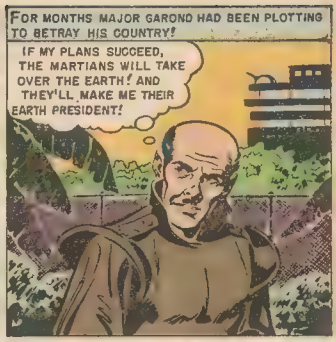
☐ Save 65¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

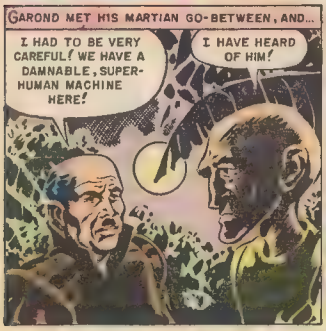
ROBOT MODEL L2--FAILURE!

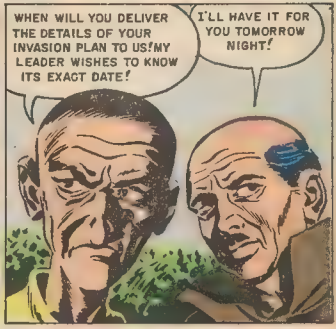
HERE'S OUR OFFICIAL REPORT ON YOUR L2, MR. DARROW! HE'S A COMPLETE FAILURE!
I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GENERAL BLAIR! I BUILT HIM SO CAREFULLY!
I DIDN'T FAIL! OH, IF YOU ONLY KNEW... I DIDN'T FAIL!
NODEL
ELTOO WAS THE FINEST MACHINE THE DARROW ROBOT FACTORY HAD EVER PRODUCED! IN THE MARTIAN WAR HE WAS PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO OUR SUPREME COMMANDER, GENERAL BLAIR! ELTOO CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY! HE AVOIDED A GREAT WORLD DISASTER! BUT THE ARMY RECORDS DO NOT SHOW IT! THEY READ: ROBOT MODEL L2--FAILURE!
IT WAS DURING THE YEARS OF THE MARTIAN WAR--WHEN THE CONQUERING MARTIAN ARMIES HAD OVERRUN NEARLY ALL OF SOUTH AMERICA...
I'D LIKE YOU TO BUILD ME A ROBOT, TRAINED FOR SENTRY DUTY, MR. DARROW!
YES, OF COURSE! I'LL SUBMIT SPECIFICATIONS!
A WEEK LATER.
YOUR SPECIFICATIONS ARE SATISFACTORY, DARROW! HOW SOON WILL YOU DELIVER THIS ROBOT?
INCLUDING HIS TRAINING? ABOUT TWO MONTHS, GENERAL! I'LL PUT EVERY RESOURCE AT MY FACTORY TO WORK.
1

DARROW PUT ALL HIS GENIUS INTO THIS NEW TYPE ROBOT! HE CALLED IT MODEL L2!
A WONDERFUL THING, MR. DARROW! WHY--WHY, IT WILL BE ALMOST HUMAN!
WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF A HIGHLY TRAINED DOG! OR EVEN MORE--I CANNOT TELL YET!
THEN MODEL L2 WAS READY FOR TRAINING! HE WAS SHOWN THE PRISONERS OF WAR!
THESE PEOPLE ARE THE ENEMY, ELTOO! WHEN YOU MEET ONE OF THEM--- KILL HIM!
GRRRR! BAD MEN! I KILL!
THE FULLY TRAINED L2 WAS DELIVERED TO GENERAL BLAIR, AT THE HEADQUARTERS IN FLORIDA.
THIS IS YOUR COMMANDER, ELTOO! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM!
YES, SIR!
THEN L2 MET MAJOR GAROND, ONE OF GENERAL BLAIR'S ASSISTANTS!
THIS IS MAJOR GAROND, ELTOO. THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM.
YES, SIR!
WHY--THIS MACHINE IS ALMOST HUMAN!
THE MARTIAN'S BARRAGE OF INVISIBILITY WAS SMASHED! AND...
...MUST KILL! MY ORDERS SAY--MUST KILL!
L2 BEGAN HIS SENTRY DUTY, ROVING THE ENCAMPMENT! AND ONE NIGHT...
ENEMY IS HERE! MUST FIND HIM! KILL HIM!
THERE HAD BEEN DANGER THAT SOME MARTIAN SPY--ELECTRONICALLY INVISIBLE--WOULD BE ABLE TO MURDER GENERAL BLAIR! AND NOW...
THIS BAD MAN! MUST KILL BAD MAN! KILL!...
NAO
2

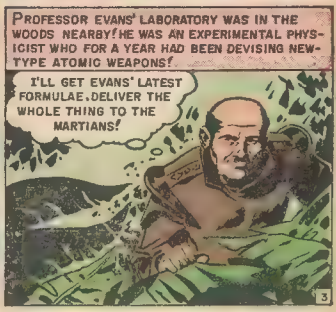
L2 GOT GREAT APPLAUSE! BUT THERE WAS ONE WHO WASN'T PLEASED!
YOU DID YOUR DUTY WELL, ELTOO!
THANK YOU, SIR!
HE HAS ELECTRONIC SENSES AND HE CAN BE ON DUTY 24 HOURS A DAY!
...THAT THING IS SUPERHUMAN! I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL!


FOR MONTHS MAJOR GAROND HAD BEEN PLOTTING TO BETRAY HIS COUNTRY!
IF MY PLANS SUCCEED, THE MARTIANS WILL TAKE OVER THE EARTH! AND THEY'LL MAKE ME THEIR EARTH PRESIDENT!

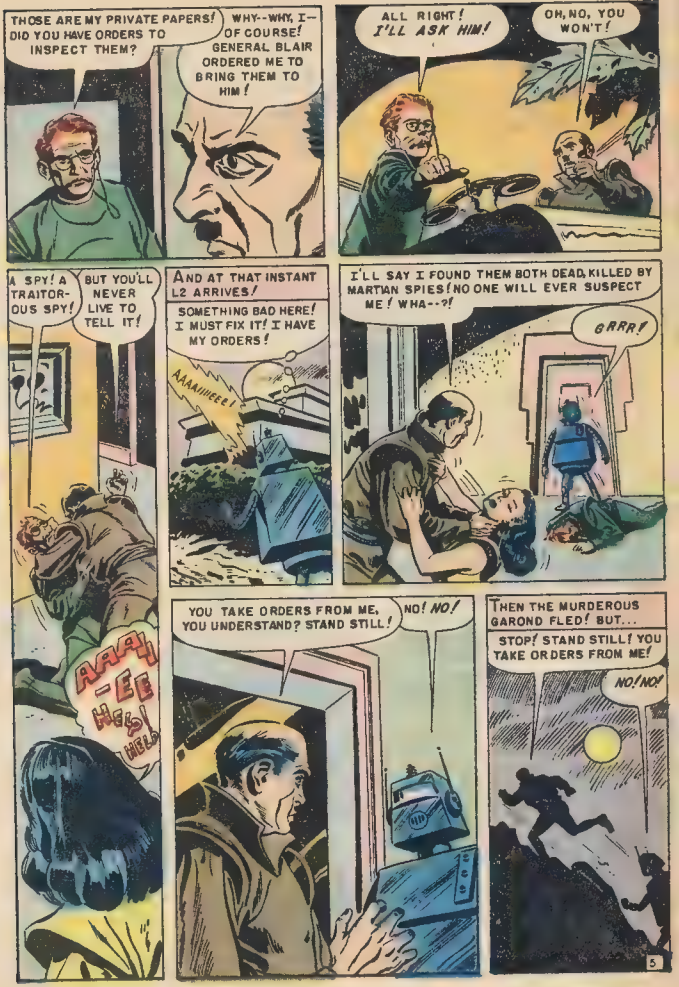

GAROND MET HIS MARTIAN GO-BETWEEN, AND...
I HAD TO BE VERY CAREFUL! WE HAVE A DAMNABLE, SUPER-HUMAN MACHINE HERE!
I HAVE HEARD OF HIM!


WHEN WILL YOU DELIVER THE DETAILS OF YOUR INVASION PLAN TO US! MY LEADER WISHES TO KNOW ITS EXACT DATE!
I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU TOMORROW NIGHT!

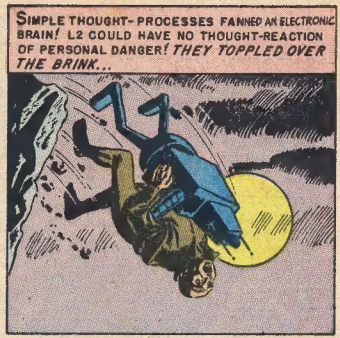
THE INVASION DATE AND THE EXACT PLACE OF LANDING WERE A CLOSELY GUARDED EARTH SECRET! THE NEXT NIGHT...
YOU WILL TAKE OUR PLANS TO PROFESSOR EVANS, GAROND!
HA! HA! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED!...


PROFESSOR EVANS' LABORATORY WAS IN THE WOODS NEARBY! HE WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICIST WHO FOR A YEAR HAD BEEN DEVISING NEW-TYPE ATOMIC WEAPONS!
I'LL GET EVANS' LATEST FORMULAE, DELIVER THE WHOLE THING TO THE MARTIANS!

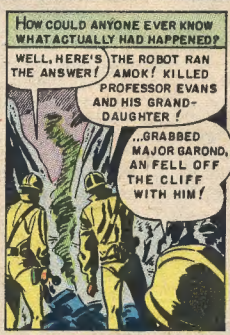
MEANWHILE, GENERAL BLAIR...
IF ANY MARTIAN SPY LOCATED GAROND, THEY WOULD KILL HIM! HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE ROBOT WITH HIM!
GO TO PROFESSOR EVANS' LABORATORY! MAJOR GAROND WILL BE THERE! YOU STAY BY HIM UNTIL HE RETURNS HERE!
YES, SIR!
BAD MEN MAY BE HERE! MUST WATCH AND KILL BAD MEN!
AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LITTLE COTTAGE WHERE PROFESSOR EVANS LIVED WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER...
I HAVE OUR INVASION PLANS TO SHOW YOU!
GOOD! BUT FIRST... MARY, WE MUST GIVE MAJOR GAROND SOME SUPPER! MARY IS A WONDERFUL COOK, MAJOR!
FOR A MOMENT, THE VILLAINOUS GAROND WAS LEFT ALONE! AND...
I'LL FIND HIS FORMULAE! THEY OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
BUT, SUDDENLY...
GAROND! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHA--?
4


THOSE ARE MY PRIVATE PAPERS! DID YOU HAVE ORDERS TO INSPECT THEM?
WHY--WHY, I--OF COURSE! GENERAL BLAIR ORDERED ME TO BRING THEM TO HIM!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL ASK HIM!
OH, NO, YOU WON'T!
A SPY! A TRAITOROUS SPY!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL IT!
AAA-EE HEE! HEE!
AND AT THAT INSTANT L2 ARRIVES!
SOMETHING BAD HERE! I MUST FIX IT! I HAVE MY ORDERS!
AAAAIIIEEE!
I'LL SAY I FOUND THEM BOTH DEAD, KILLED BY MARTIAN SPIES! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT ME! WHA--?!
GRRR!
YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, YOU UNDERSTAND? STAND STILL!
NO! NO!
THEN THE MURDEROUS GAROND FLED! BUT...
STOP! STAND STILL! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME!
NO! NO!
5

IN THE GRIP OF THE ELECTRONIC-POWERED METAL ARMS, THE MURDEROUS GAROND WAS HELPLESS...


SIMPLE THOUGHT-PROCESSES FANNED AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN! L2 COULD HAVE NO THOUGHT-REACTION OF PERSONAL DANGER! THEY TOPPLED OVER THE BRINK...

THEN DOWN ON TO THE ROCKS BELOW...


HOW COULD ANYONE EVER KNOW WHAT ACTUALLY HAD HAPPENED?
WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER!
THE ROBOT RAN AMOK! KILLED PROFESSOR EVANS AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER!
...GRABBED MAJOR GAROND, AN FELL OFF THE CLIFF WITH HIM!

AND WHEN DARROW, THE ROBOT'S BUILDER WAS SENT FOR...
THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE KILLED BY A MACHINE WHICH FAILED TO WORK PROPERLY!
I-I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GENERAL BLAIR!

SURELY THERE COULD BE NO SUCH THING AS THE PHANTOM OF A SMASHED PIECE OF MACHINERY! THAT'S ABSURD, OF COURSE! BUT IF SOME... SPIRIT OF L2 COULD BE WATCHING HERE...
THERE IS NO BLAME ATTACHED TO YOU, DARROW, OF COURSE!
I'LL NEVER BUILD ANOTHER ROBOT LIKE THAT! NEVER!
NO! NO! YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING ALL WRONG! ALL WRONG.

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won $100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

I just won this $1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These just as I did in 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET IT FOR ALL 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE

NOW

Which of these 2 ME'S is YOU? that 125 lb.—6 ft. CHICKEN CHESTED WEAKLING BELOW WAS ME A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

Yes! You still can win $100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add **7** inches to your **CHEST** **3½** inches to EACH **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS

How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST

How to Build MIGHTY LEGS

How to Build A MIGHTY BACK

How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP

FREE PHOTO BOOK HOW to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron

How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN Let's pass him by!

John Sill before

JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW. A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe as YOU can be soon!

Come On, PAL NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME says George F. Jowett World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

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Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

"Jowett Current greatest in World for Building All-Round HE-MEN" F. P. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING the C.O.D 'ol

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

It's Great Fun to PLAY A GUITAR

AND SO EASY, TOO!

LONNIE GLOSSON and WAYNE RANEY

Famous Stars of Stage, Radio, Television

SENSATIONAL NEW

"PICTURE WAY"

SHOWS HOW TO PLAY GUITAR in 10 DAYS or YOUR MONEY BACK

IT'S THE PICTURES THAT SHOW HOW TO PLAY!

48 PHOTOS Show EXACTLY Where to Put Your Fingers

OVER 100 SONGS Words & Music INCLUDED

●We've discovered a brand new way of showing folks how to play the Guitar . . . and we guarantee we can SHOW YOU in 10 days. We do it with pictures, 48 actual photos, that show you exactly how to do the fingering, strumming, etc. You don't have to study a lot of printed words like in most courses. With our home-teaching course, it's mostly a matter of just doing yourself what you see being shown in the pictures. It's the easiest and the best way we've ever seen. Even if you've never held a Guitar in your hands before, our New "PICTURE WAY" will show you how to play. Experienced players, too, even professional entertainers, have told us this "PICTURE WAY" improves their playing.

What's more, we give you words and music for over 100 songs we've picked for their radio and stage popularity. Sing and play along with your favorite records, radio, television programs. DON'T DELAY! Start TODAY!

CAN YOU Hold Your Fingers LIKE THIS?

WHY NOT Play the Guitar?

PLAY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC IN 10 DAYS
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

We're so sure that our "Picture Way" can show EVERYONE HOW TO PLAY the Guitar, that we're giving you this IRONCLAD GUARANTEE . . . if you are not playing beautiful music on your Guitar 10 days after you receive the Lonnie & Wayne Home Teaching Course, return the course to us and get your money back. Could anything be fairer?

MAIL COUPON NOW

SEND NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to LONNIE & WAYNE. Pay postman only $1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. (Or send $1.69 with order and we pay postage.) Start playing beautiful chords the very first day. Be playing music in 10 days or your money back.
Lonnie & Wayne, Studio 331 1667 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Lonnie & Wayne's OWN Guitar Bargain

NOW you can own a Guitar that Lonnie & Wayne personally selected to offer to you as AMERICA'S BEST GUITAR Value. ONLY $14.95. Send $1.00 Deposit. Pay balance on delivery. Write us today — Address LONNIE & WAYNE, Studio 7Z, 1667 Milwaukee Avenue — CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

Lonnie and Wayne, Studio 331,
1667 Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

Please send me, by return mail, one of your new "Picture Way" Home Teaching Guitar Courses. I will pay postman $1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. (Or send $1.69 with order and we pay postage.) I understand that you will refund my $1.69 if I am not playing beautiful music 10 days after I receive it.

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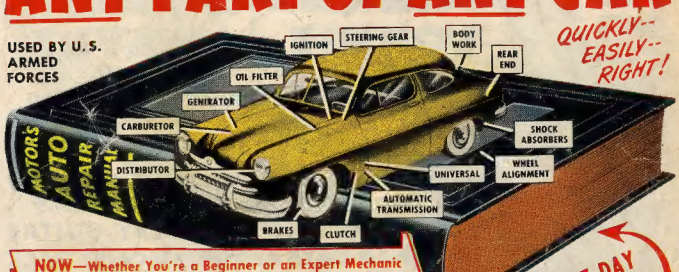
HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U.S. ARMED FORCES

QUICKLY--EASILY--RIGHT!



NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic —You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB!
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Free 7-DAY TRIAL
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YES, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

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NEW REVISED 1951 Edition covers everything you need to know to repair 800 car models. 771 giant pages, 2300 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 38,000 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you *can't* go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Mans' Bible"!

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Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 150 Official Factory Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

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